

MOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH

EDITOR.

CONTENTS

SEPTEMBER 15, 1907.

Moses.....Michaelangelo, 1475-1564.....Frontispiece 546

MISCELLANEOUS

Extracts From the Journal of a Mormon Missionary...	547
A Vivid Testimony.....	551
Short Stories from Church History (Illustrated).....	552
The Lady Oara Oara.....Susa Young Gates	557
Strassburg (Illustrated).....Lydia D. Alder	562

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

The Kingdom of God.....	565
The First Twelve Apostles.....	566

SUNDAY SCHOOL TOPICS

The Seventies and the Sunday Schools.....	567
---	-----

MUSIC AND POETRY

Jewels	569
The Heart Worthy Reward.....S. E. Mitton	570
In the Canyon.....Ruth M. Fox	570
The Name.....Don Marquis	571
Communion.....Alice Keaton	571
Who Knows.....Selected	571

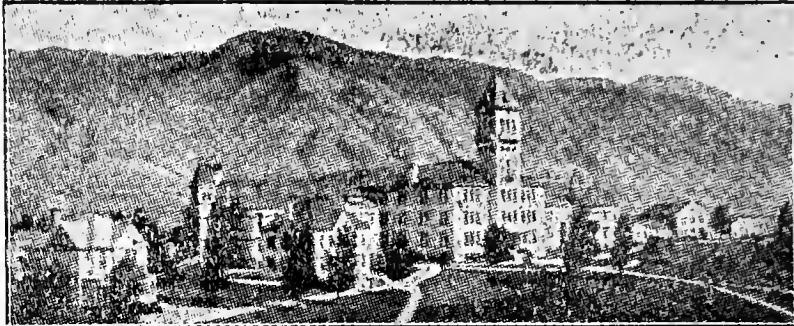
OUR YOUNG FOLKS

God Bless us Every One.....James Whitcomb Riley	572
President Lincoln's Kindness.....	572
Marco Knew.....	573
The Letter-Box, etc.	573
Laugh, and the World Laughs With You.....	576

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MOSES.

Michelangelo, 1475-1564.



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No. 18

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MORMON MISSIONARY.

FROM my early childhood it seemed as if I had inherited a more than ordinary fondness for the sea. For oftentimes, when a very small lad, have I slipped away, our home being in the city of Glasgow, to wander among the shipping of the Broomielaw. In those days of wooden ships, every sea-going vessel carried upon her prow what was known as the "figure-head." This was the likeness of a human being—universally that of a woman; and not a few of them exhibited in their formation and adornments so much good taste and artistic skill that they were quite interesting and pretty. Their singular position and posture in those times of superstition surrounded them with a degree of mystery. The left foot well advanced with knee bent; the right set back as if forming a brace to the body as it slightly inclined forward; the hair hanging loose with a storm-tossed appearance; the earnest, anxious, peculiar expression of the face, the far-away look in the eyes as if searching for some long, long distant object, gave to them a somewhat weird appearance. And frequently in fancy have I conjured them into life as the angel guards of the perilous deep.

This love of the great waters did not wane as time rolled past, for when I had attained to the years of manhood and out

in the world as a missionary bearing the message of the everlasting Gospel to the nations of the earth, if in a city or town by the sea, a walk on the shore or among the shipping seemed to possess a charm for me that but few other things possessed, and, I thought, helped better to prepare my mind for the more spiritual duties which were to follow, and not a few times, when in fishing districts, have I stood and with much interest watched the fishermen's wives and children clean the nets as they were drawn out upon the beach, while fathers, brothers and sons sought a little rest in sleep. And I have frequently thought as I viewed the many ungainly-looking things that had become entangled in the meshes of the nets, and which those faithful workers with wondrous care were cutting loose, and casting away that, if the elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in their goings forth as fishers of men gathered in to the Gospel net, representations of such uncanny creatures, what wonder then that some of them throughout the years should manifest their true nature and inwardness and occasionally stir up a little friction in the camps of the Saints.

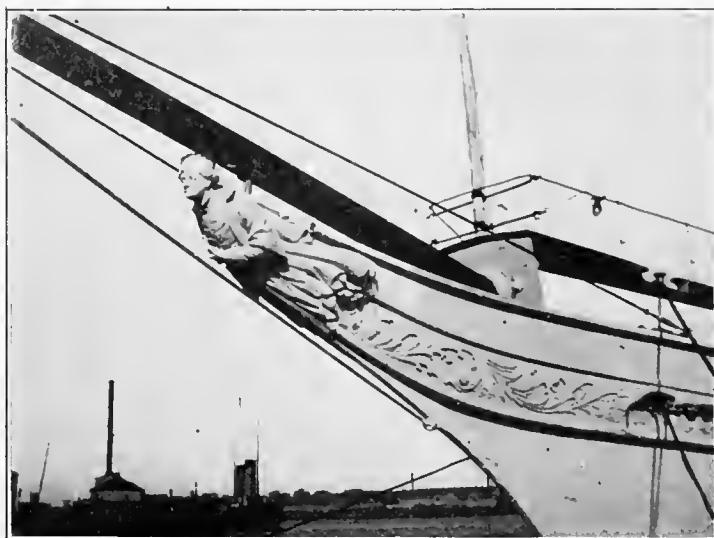
On the morning of the 15th of March, 1877, I left the city of Glasgow upon a missionary tour to Aberdeen, the so-called capital of the north of Scotland, purpos-

ing to make sundry calls and hold meetings at a number of places by the way. I had for companion during part of the journey Elder James McFarlane of Weber county, Utah. Our first stopping-place was the city of Edinburgh where we called on the few Saints residing there and held meeting with them and a few friends in the evening. Our next point was St. Andrews, pleasantly situated by the bay of the same name in the North Sea, or German Ocean. There were quite a number of places of great interest and historic note in and around this little city by the sea; but rain was pouring down in torrents and the wind

storm had increased and towards morning a gale was blowing from the ocean that was little short of terrific and the waters of the bay were lashed into great fury. But we were up and ready to start out as soon as daylight showed the way.

We had proceeded but a short distance when the heavy report of a cannon startled the city's most early risers and men were soon running from all parts towards one particular point. We turned about and followed. A large vessel, through stress of weather, had been driven from her course during the night and forced upon a sand bar in the bay and was fast aground in

the sand, the great waves breaking over her and threatening every moment the destruction of the vessel, and a watery grave to all on board, who were firing signals of distress. I had often when a lad read in story-books of the minute gun at sea but never before had I listened to the sad and dismal sound. As the dull boom of that gun came over the waves through the terrible storm and fell upon our ears like a



THE FIGURE HEAD.

blowing a stiff breeze from the ocean so that it was simply too much to attempt anything like sight-seeing under such conditions. There being no members of the Church residing in the place, we passed the time as best we could talking Gospel principles wherever we could find the slightest opportunity. We retired for the night, counting upon an early start the following morning for Crail, Pettenween, East Nueck, small towns situated along the coast. During the night the wind

wail of sorrow, our feelings can be more correctly imagined than described. But all of a sudden, a stillness like that of death fell upon that excited throng of men and women—for women had gathered there also—the life-boat by its brave and valiant crew was being pushed out at that moment—a young man, one of their number, a fine-looking fellow, came hurrying along, and by his side was a fair girl who clung to him in such a manner that he almost had to carry her as he walked.

Whether he was her brother, her lover or had recently become her husband, I could not learn. His companions had already taken their places in the boat and with their oars were endeavoring to steady the little craft. As he came near to them he again and again pressed the pale lips of the girl; and having gently unloosed her hold upon him, he, with one sudden bound, sprang into the boat, and with strong arms and brave hearts, they pulled away on their errand of mercy over that terrible sea, while that beautiful girl stood there knee-

But the boat returned laden until her very rowlocks dipped, with men, two women and one tiny baby girl; and as her keel grated upon the sands of the beach, the shout that went up from the multitude that had gathered there, despite the severity of the storm, rang out high above the dull, hoarse moanings of the wind and waves. The boat went back to the stranded ship and came again and all were rescued —all were saved.

With feelings somewhat akin to sadness we resumed our journey towards the town



THE COMING STORM.

deep in the angry surf, with pale face and wistful eyes, her intense gaze fixed upon that little dark receding speck on those foaming billows that bore away to danger and perchance to death the dearest and best beloved of all the earthly treasures of her human heart, while the winds, as if in cruel mockery, tossed and tumbled at random wild the long bright tresses of her flowing hair; then, for the first time, I beheld the living, moving ideal of my boyhood's dreaming—the mystic figure-head.

of Crail, deeply impressed with the scenes we had just witnessed and the fearful risks to life and limb brave men will take in aid of their fellows in the hour of greatest danger and peril. The storm continued with little abatement throughout the entire day and as our road lay close by the shore in full view of the ocean, we had repeatedly the opportunity of witnessing the struggles of a number of small trading-vessels in tacking and retacking with all the skill and courage known to the brave men on board

to escape with their little ships from being driven onto the rocks of that dangerous coast.

We reached the town of Crail late in the afternoon, and upon inquiry, learned that there was a building in the place called the Town Hall which strangers sometimes hired for religious meetings and other purposes, but that the head man of the town, as they called him, a kind of mayor on a small scale, was the proper person to be consulted. After learning the gentleman's name and address, we started out to find him. He proved to be a generous, kind-hearted and broad-minded man and received us in a most pleasant manner. We told him who we were and that we wished to obtain a suitable place in which to hold meeting in the evening, we were traveling without purse or scrip and not prepared to pay a large sum of money for the use of a hall.

He replied, "gentlemen, our building contains an upper and a lower hall. You can have the use of the lower one without money and without price. The upper hall we reserve wholly for the business purposes of our little burgh. He further said that, if we would write out a notice, he would send the 'town crier,' as he was called, through the streets of the village and notify the people.

After expressing our gratitude for the gentleman's great kindness, we wrote out the following:

"NOTICE—Two missisionaries of the Church of Latter-day Saints, from America, will lecture on Mormonism in the Town Hall this evening at half past seven o'clock. All are cordially invited. No collection."

Now the town crier was a very short, broad man, with a drum. He took our slip of paper and started out to the music of rub-dub-dub, rub-dub-dub; then halting a moment, he would call out in a strong, clear voice, the words we had given him; and so he continued his ruba-dub-dub, un-

til the people of the place were pretty thoroughly notified.

Thinking that we had done about all that we could do towards our meeting in the evening, we bethought ourselves of a little something to eat, as we had partaken of nothing since early morning. But before we had found a suitable place, a cry was heard—"A vessel ashore! a vessel ashore!" In the excitement of the moment, we forgot our hunger and followed close upon the heels of the foremost runners towards the point on the coast where the vessel lay among the rocks, being literally torn to pieces in that terrible storm. She was but a small craft and had been driven so close 'o land that it required but a short time for an experienced seaman following in the wake of a receding wave to cast a line upon her deck, followed by a strong cable, and the men on board, some seven or eight in number, after casting into the sea everything among their effects that would float, came hand-over-hand along the cable safely on shore. With all the little belongings that could be fished from those stormy waters, they were taken to the Town Hall, to the very room which we had made arrangements to occupy at half past seven in the evening, which time was then close at hand. I immediately called on our friend the mayor. He was already aware of the situation; and although, as he said, it was contrary to their custom, he would grant us the use of the upper hall for our meeting. As the hour arrived, our little hall was well filled with a very respectable looking congregation of men and women. We had sung a hymn and Brother McFarlane had offered a very earnest prayer to the throne of grace and I was on my feet, hymn-book in hand, ready to give out a second hymn, when again a cry from the street below startled the entire congregation. Another vessel ashore! another vessel ashore! It happened that there were present quite a number of the men who

were the most prominent in the former wreck and rescue, and the way those men got out of that building and onto the street was simply dangerous. The remainder followed in a kind of pell-mell way, and Brother McFarlane and myself were not the last either. I dropped my spectacles and hymn-book upon the little stand in front of me, picked up my hat and was among the first to reach the place which was about a mile distant and near to the same spot of the former wreck. This time it was a large three-masted schooner, and although fast among the rocks, the sea breaking over her with great fury, she was still quite a distance from the land, and difficult to reach with a line. Rocket after rocket was sent with great force, whirling through the storm, but fell short of the schooner. At last one great rocket passed right through her rigging carrying a line over her decks. This was greeted by a faint cheer from the poor, half-drowned fellows on board, but received a hearty echo from those upon the shore. A strong cable was as quickly as possible stretched from the

vessel to the land with an attachment they called a cradle. There were on board only the captain and the captain's wife and a working crew of some twenty men or more, just sufficient to man the vessel. The captain's lady was the first brought safely on shore; then one by one the seamen followed, the captain being the last to leave his ship; and all were taken to the Town Hall to the same place as the former crew and made as comfortable as kind women and brave men could make them under the circumstances, with the exception of the captain's lady, who was otherwise provided for.

It was past midnight when Brother McFarlane and myself found a little rest at the house of one of the brave rescuers of the evening, who had learned some litt'e of whom we were and kindly volunteered to us the hospitality of his humble home for the remainder of that long-to-be-re-membered night on that rock-bound coast of the North Sea, near the town of Crail, Fifeshire, Scotland. *Hamilton G. Park*

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A VIVID TESTIMONY.

IN November, 1898, myself and wife went to the Salt Lake Temple to work for the dead of my family. We officiated for twenty males and twenty two females. Afterward, I thought, how satisfying it would be to know that the work was acceptable to my people. I said nothing of this desire, however, not even to my wife. About three months after the work was done, as I lay on my bed at night, my attention was attracted to a group of females, walking on the opposite side of the street from our home. The walls of the house offered no impediment to my vision. I counted twenty two persons, I saw so plainly that every feature of their persons and their clothing was indelibly fixed on my mind. I saw their uncovered heads

with neatly arranged hair. Even the weave of the raiment worn I distinctly observed. Their dress was of white, gathered at the neck, reaching the feet, with a girdle about the waist made of the same material. They appeared very happy. One of the group turned towards me, and smiled. I recognised her as one who had died seventeen years before, and for whom my wife had done work. The vision lasted during the time occupied by them in walking calmly the distance of half a block. When suddenly it ended I at once woke my wife, and informed her of what I had seen. Her first words were, "They are the ones for whom I worked in the Temple."

*Chas. Kingston,
President High Priest Quorum,
Bingham Stake.*

SHORT STORIES FROM CHURCH HISTORY.

IV.

A STRUGGLE WITH THE ADVERSARY.



OSEPH and Hyrum were digging a well for a widow named Wells who lived several miles from Manchester. Have you ever seen anybody dig a well? Joseph was down seventeen feet in the earth with pick and shovel, while Hyrum was on the ground above him. Every time Joseph had a bucket full of "dirt" Hyrum pulled it up, emptied it, and sent it down to be filled again. On this particular morning they were working hard; they expected to get through in another day.

Hyrum happened to be looking towards the town of Manchester. "I believe Joseph," he said, bending over the well, "that someone's coming after you."

"Who is it?" asked Joseph. "Can you tell?"

"No," was the answer.

"Pull me up, then. Maybe it's Emma." Joseph appeared to be just a little excited.

Hyrum pulled him up. Joseph looked towards the approaching visitor. "It's a woman," he said. And then after a little, "It's Emma! Something's happened." He went out to meet her.

Sure enough, it was Emma, Joseph's wife. She had been riding fast, and the horse was covered with sweat.

"Joseph!" she said as soon as they met. "A mob is going to hunt for the Plates!"

"Who told you?" asked Joseph.

"Your father did," was the answer. "He says he overheard a lot of men talking about it at Chase's."

Joseph, without saying anything else, took out of his pocket something that seemed like a big pair of glasses. It was the Urim and Thummim, which he was to translate the plates with. He always carried these sacred instruments around with

him. He looked into them now. After a minute or so he put them back into his pocket, saying—

"The Plates 're all right!"

None of the Smith family, not even Emma or Joseph's mother knew where the Plates were just then. They thought they were somewhere around the house. But they weren't, they were still in the heart of that old birch tree where Joseph had put them the night he and Emma went to Cumorah. Of course, others besides Joseph knew that he had left them somewhere in the woods; but they thought he had taken them away since then, and put them in a safe place around the premises. That was why Mrs. Smith and Emma were so eager to tell Joseph of what was going on.

Nevertheless Joseph went home with Emma. Mrs. Wells wouldn't consent to it at first, for she wanted her well finished as soon as possible. But Joseph finally persuaded her to let him go. He would return when he settled his affairs at home.

"I wonder how in the world anybody ever heard that you even had the Plates," said Emma as the two were going home. "Now, you and I and your mother are the only earthly beings that know you've got them. I'm sure your mother hasn't said anything to anybody, I know I haven't, and *of course* you wouldn't. And yet people seem to know that you've got them. How is it?"

"I don't know," answered Joseph, "unless the devil has told them. You know, he's very busy nowadays. Besides our family, Martin Harris is the only mortal that knows anything about my visions concerning the Book of Mormon. Father told him about them three years ago because he's such an old and good friend of the family. But *he's* not likely to have told any of them."

While Joseph and Emma are on their way to Manchester, let us learn how it was that Father Smith had got wind of the plot to search for the Plates.

Some time before this—before Joseph had even got the Plates from the Hill—a man came to Mr. Smith's and tried to find out in an indirect way something about the Golden Book. But Mr. Smith turned him off with answers that didn't give him any information.

A day or two after Joseph and Emma's visit to Cumorah, Mr. Smith learned accidentally that ten or fifteen men in the neighborhood had got together for the purpose of finding out whether Joseph Smith really had the Plates. They were headed by a man named Willard Chase, a teacher in the Methodist church. This was the next day after Joseph and Hyrum went to dig the well at Macadon.

Father Smith was determined to find out if there was such a band of men with such a purpose. So one evening he sauntered round the neighborhood, calling now on one and now on another of the farmers thereabouts.

At one place a crowd of men were standing in the back yard. Willard Chase, the Methodist class leader, was among them. Trying not to let the men see him, Mr. Smith went round and knocked at the front door. Telling the woman who came to the door that he wanted to look at the paper, he was admitted, and given a chair. This he moved to a place where he could best hear what was going on out in the yard. In order not to attract attention he pretended to be deeply interested in the contents of the paper.

There was great excitement in the yard. They didn't know Mr. Smith was near the door listening to every word they were saying.

"How do you know," asked one man, "that Joe Smith has any gold plates?"

"Old Mart Harris told his wife and she

told me," said a man whom Mr. Smith recognized as Willard Chase. She says that Harris is an old friend of Mr. Smith's, and well-trusted. Course I didn't tell her why I was so inquisitive. But I guess I got about all she knew, just the same."

"It's about four years now," Chase went on, "since Joe first heard of that gold Bible, an' Harris says he was to get them dug up in about four years."

"When did Old Smith tell Harris all this?" inquired the same man that had asked the first question. Mr. Smith tried to make out who he was.

"I know every man's voice in this neighborhood," he said to himself, "and I don't know that man's. He must be a stranger."

"About three years ago," said Chase in answer to the question.

"Do you think old Mrs. Harris would tell you the truth about it? Wouldn't she try to lead you off the scent?" asked the same voice.

"Not much," replied Chase. "And what's more, she couldn't if she would. I'm Willard Chase, an old dog. Besides, she's got it in for the Smiths. She don't like any of them. I could almost trust her with all my plans."

"That all sound's good to me!" said the new voice. "I'll find them treasures of Joe Smith's, or my name ain't Sam Warner, an' I ain't come sixty miles to do it!"

Then Mr. Smith knew who it was that had been asking all those questions. It was old Sam Warner, the conjurer, who lived between fifty and sixty miles away. He used to carry hazel switches around whenever anybody wanted to find a good place for a well—one where there would certainly be water. You know the old superstition was that if you carried a forked hazel wand slowly over the ground, it would bend at the place where you could find water. He pretended also to find things that were lost by looking into a piece of green glass he carried about with him. And

these fellows had gone to the expense of sending sixty miles for Sam Warner so that he might find "Joe Smith's gold Bible!"

The conversation outside became very animated now, and everyone spoke in a loud voice. The man planned to make an attack on the Smith house that night.

The woman who was in the house with Mr. Smith, though not in the same room, now went to the door and said in a tone loud enough for him to hear—

"Sam! Sam! you're cutting your own throat!"

The conjurer turned round quickly and bawled out—"I'm not afraid of anybody! We'll have them plates in spite of Joe Smith and all the devils in hell!"

Mr. Smith now thought it was about time for him to go. He had heard too much of the conversation to be allowed to remain there in comfort. So, making an excuse to the woman, he went away without being seen by the men.

On reaching home he asked Mrs. Smith whether she knew where the Plates were.

She said that she did not.

Then he told her all he had heard from the men at the neighbors. Hurriedly a horse was brought up from the field, and Emma mounted it to inform Joseph about the plot.

On the night the young Seer got home, he left the house for the purpose of getting the Plates. Now that men in the neighborhood were beginning to suspect that he had them and were making plans to obtain possession of them, he was determined to use his best judgment to preserve them. The Angel had told him, the very last thing, that now he must depend upon himself to keep them safe. The power of God would come to his aid only in an extreme case, where his own was not enough. And so Joseph thought they might not be so safe in the woods as somewhere around the Smith residence.

It was dark when he set out, wearing a

heavy cloak. Nothing happened on his way to the birch tree. He did not know that at three different points along the road there were three men whose purpose was to waylay him and deprive him of his precious burden.

He found the Plates all right, wrapped them up carefully in some strong cloth, put them under his cloak, and started for home. He had gone only a few hundred yards when one of the dark figures lurking in the shadows sprang upon him. Now Joseph was a powerful man, rising full six feet without his shoes, and was large in proportion. Wheeling round he dealt the would-be robber a terrible blow, knocking him down. Then Joseph sped on.

Twice more the young man was assailed on the way. But each time he overcame his assailant, with no other injury than the dislocation of a thumb.

When he reached the house, he burst through the door. Mr. Stowal happened to be at the Smiths that night, and was sitting down with the family round the hearth. Joseph thrust forward the heavy plates into Mr. Stowal's lap, and fell down on the floor utterly exhausted.

As soon as he was able to speak he related all that had happened, and exhibited his dislocated thumb as evidence of the hard time he had had in overcoming the assassins. Both Mr. Smith and Mr. Stowal ran out and along the road on which Joseph had come. But they could find no traces of any one. Presently they returned, and all were seated round the hearth once more with the sacred Book in the very midst of them, only no one could see it because it was covered.

"And now the question is, what shall be done with them?" said Joseph.

Some suggested one thing, some another. The upshot of the conversation was that they were put under the hearth. Some bricks were removed, some of the earth taken out, and the Plates deposited there,

together with a great big breastplate that Joseph had brought home from the Hill before this. Then the bricks were replaced, and everything made to look as it did before.

It was getting quite late by this time. But the older members of the Smith family were not in the habit of going to bed early, especially when Joseph had anything to say about his religious experiences or the Book of Mormon. And so conversation went on aplenty.

There came a loud knock at the door. Everybody started, almost jumping to his feet. Joseph went to the door.

"Is Mr. Smith in?" asked a strange voice.

"Yes, sir," was Joseph's answer. And suspecting that all was not right, he added: "What do you want?"

"I want to see him!" came the gruff reply. And, saying this, the man looked over his shoulder. This caused Joseph to look in that direction, too. He saw, in the gleam of the light, the faces of Willard Chase and several other men whom he knew. The man at the door was the conjurer.

At a given signal from old Sam Warner, they all rushed forward. Joseph in the meantime had sprung back into the house as if to get a gun, though there was really no gun in the house. Then he rushed forward crying out for the rest to follow him, and brandishing his hands.

The gang of thugs outside were not prepared for this. Believing that there were a lot of men in the house ready to attack them, Chase, Warner, and their evil companions took to their heels. For they were after all arrant cowards, and their bad mission this night made them worse. What would have been their wrath next morning had they been told that they ran from a young man, two old men, and a woman!

In the morning Joseph determined to re-

move the Plates. So he got a box from his brother Hyrum's, put the golden volume in it, carried it across the road to an old cooper's shop, and hid it in the loft. Here they remained for some time unmolested.

Meanwhile the wizard and his crowd spent a good deal of their time trying to divine the whereabouts of the "Gold Bible." Now they would make a night rush on the Smith home, now they would steal out quietly to the woods and search every nook and corner that seemed likely to contain the Plates, now they would send a man disguised to ask leading questions of a member of the Smith family. The whole neighborhood was roused over the subject of the Gold Book, and Joseph was kept almost in a constant state of alarm. The gang of treasure-hunters ran everywhere, at the beck and nod of their conjurer, till one would think they would grow suspicious of his powers. But, then, people are often blinded by thoughts of gold.

Once they were all together at the home of Willard Chase. The subject of their conversation, as ever, was "Joe Smith's gold plates."

"Try it again, Sam," said Chase. "Last time I felt we nearly got 'em."

Sam pulled out his green glass, put it into his hat, held his face over the hat so that everything was dark there. Deathlike silence reigned in the room, no one daring even to bat his eyes.

"I see an old house!" said Warner, pretty soon in a mournful voice, which frightened the younger members, though they had often heard it lately—"and it looks like an old store. It's on the opposite side of a house I've seen before," he went on with suspicious vagueness!

"That's the old cooper-shop opposite the Smiths!" shouted one man, before the diviner had finished.

"It's precisely what I was agoin' to say next!" declared the wise man, "on'y you took the words out of my mouth, like."

Out of the house they all shot like a lot of mad men, each bent on reaching the cooper's shop first. It was dark when they went, for night time was the only congenial hour for these prowlers. So they needed a light in the form of a lantern. They burst through the old door of the shop, ran helter skelter into the loft, and rummaged about till one of them discovered a box.

"Here it is!" screamed one. And they all thereupon fell upon the box like a hungry wolf on his prey. The box was securely locked. But it was heavy, as if there was something solid inside.

Someone found an old hatchet. In a twinkling the lid flew up, and the box was open to their view. It was filled with

the plates anywhere near Manchester. Occasionally, at night he would take the plates out and do a little reading. It was during this time that he copied and translated a few lines. These are the lines you see in the cut which accompanies this story. It is these, too, which Martin Harris afterward took to Prof. Anthon, of New York.

This much Joseph translated, but as for doing the whole work, that was out of the question as long as he remained in the neighborhood of his home.

As he was casting about for a place to go to, his wife's relatives at Harmony, Pa., invited him to come there with Emma. And to help matters out, Martin Harris lent

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A FEW LINES FROM THE GOLDEN BOOK.

sand. They stared at one another in their unholy amazement. Then they fell to cursing and swearing, till you'd have thought some dreadful power would have smitten them dead on the spot. They slunk home in the darkness like mischievous dogs!

What had become of the plates?

Well, when Joseph had hidden them away in the loft, and they had lain there some time, the thought occurred to him one day to move them. So taking them out and filling the box with sand, he tore up a few boards from the main floor of the old shop, put the record there, and nailed the boards back again. Those men never knew how near they were to the sacred treasure on that night!

This circumstance taught Joseph how impossible it would be for him to translate

him fifty dollars to take him there. Harmony is about one hundred and seventy miles from Manchester.

So loading his few household goods on a wagon, he and Emma set out. Of course, they had the plates with them. They had not got very far on their way, however, when they were overtaken by officers of the law, who demanded the right to search the wagon. They did not say what they were looking for, but Joseph knew well enough. They ransacked everything, turning the furniture and provisions out on the ground. But they did not find the Plates. Had they broken open a certain barrel of beans, though, they would have found a certain box; and had they broken open that box, a heavy glittering book, precious beyond their poor ability to calculate, would have

tumbled out. The officers, the miserable tools of the gang of conjurers, went off heartily ashamed of the part they were playing.

What a big breath of relief Joseph must have drawn when he reached Harmony,

where no one even suspected his connection with any golden treasure! And how crest-fallen must have been that petty fraud of a diviner, Sam Warner, when he found how little he could see into the designs of the Lord!

John Henry Evans.

THE LADY OARA OARA.

A CHAPTER FROM A GENEALOGICAL RECORD.

THE Abbess was too much moved to reply, her own soul was beaten and driven in the sudden storm she had so unconsciously roused in two helpless unfortunate beings.

The man flung himself down the grass-grown path to the outer gate, then turned swiftly to the promontory by the sea, his feet led by the unresting waves which seemed rising as if in response to his own torn soul.

He stood a moment silent and repressed, his foot crunched into the very spot where her slippered toes had played with the gentle wavelets. But now the wind was rising and the rocking billows dashed clear over his booted limbs; but he only clasped his arms the closer over his breast in violent self-repression, and waited and listened to the storm rising out in the gray waste beyond.

Suddenly he was aware of her nearness to him. He was not surprised; he had been calling out to her across the wind-swept spaces, and he had alternately commanded her by his love and besought her through her tenderness to come to their farewell with the sea's deafening chorus in their ears. He was not quite sure how she might respond, and so he held himself supremely quiet, even when her dress was swept to him by the wind; that mute appeal could not force him yet to venture his whole future. He must know nor guess at probabilities.

Suddenly she lifted her arms as if she were calling to the outer winds. Then he turned, and she said, simply, "I am here." And even then his wisdom kept him silent and sternly repressed.

"Do you hear my sea-voices calling? I wonder if they bring me messages from that wondrous land of far-away America, the land of marvels of freedom, and of awful possibilities. I wish I might see America."

"I have heard those voices calling, but not alone in the seaful tones," he answered. "But in the still watches of the silent nights upon the moors, there I hear them calling, offering life—life—and love. My Lady Oara, do those voices ever speak of love? Do they tell you what love means?"

"Love?" she asked. And he had to bend his head so near her own to hear her voice above the rising storm that her yellow hair was swept around him like a veil. He could bear no more.

"Love, love," he cried and flung his closed arms wide, sweeping her swiftly to him, as he covered her hair and brow with swift kisses. But even then, he did not startle her unkissed lips with too sudden passion.

She lay within his arms, and at last, in the deepening gloom of night, she raised her flame-blue eyes to his, and he saw the light that burns but once on life's altar.

As they stood thus, they heard a heavy,

dull boom far out at sea, and both peered anxiously through the growing gloom of night and storm into the wild wastes far out at sea. Springing onward to the farthest point of the promontory, the man found the highest ledge of rock and strained his eyes to seaward. The Lady Oara was close behind him, for her own fears drove her as rapidly forward and she had an added suspicion which chilled the very marrow in her bones.

"It is a small vessel, my Lady," cried Sir William through the tempest, turning to help the girl gain a footing on the precarious rock upon which he stood.

"Do you think they can make our tiny harbor?" she asked, her lips gray with apprehension.

"Only the God of the sea and the storm may answer that," he replied.

The girl dashed away from him, and catching up her wet robes in her hands, she flew across to the scrubby trees which clung to the lee side of the promontory. In a flash, the man detected her purpose, and together they ran across the rough ground. Her feet were torn by rocks and briars hidden in the crevices but she heeded not, and even her lover was too intent upon their errand to note what happened to either of them.

He broke and tore away the dead branches of the scaly trees, and staggering to the point with a great armful, he piled them high on the jutting rock. He drew from his inner pocket a flint and steel, but looked about in vain for something dry on which to touch the flame.

The girl had her back to him and in a moment she turned and flung torn ribbons of her clothing, holding it without comment close to the flint in his hand. He offered no word, the storm would have drowned speech, if they had been minded to explain.

The flame caught slowly, but at last it crept along the pile and then the dead

limbs sparkled in the blaze, and the beacon was flung across the howling waves. The two turned again to find more wood with which to feed their fire, but even as they turned, the Lady Abbess, cloaked and hooded for the storm, stood beside them, and with her was a gentleman, broad-hatted, gray-clothed, and radiating, even in that fierce night of storm and disaster a circle of peace and calm. No questions were asked; there was no need. The Abbess, followed by her gardeners, and a dozen gray-clothed nuns, sped after the two men to gather wood to feed the merciful fire. For hours they toiled, sending into the low gray sky a ragged tongue of flame. When the morning broke, the storm was spent and through the dim gray shadows, the watchers on the shore saw the little vessel, plunging and rearing on the crest of the breakers at the harbor's mouth, trying to pass between the jaws of death into safety and life.

The nuns clung in a hushed group about the fixed form of their Lady Superior, but the Lady Oara stood alone and passion-swept away from them all. Presently, with the divine impulse of seeking help from august source, the old, white-haired, broad-hatted stranger, whose presence was still a mystery to the lovers, drew apart from the group and, kneeling quietly upon the wet sands, he offered up his meek prayer that the angel of the Lord might be sent to guide the tossing vessel into the tiny harbor at their feet. His action calmed and stilled the fretted gloom within the hearts of all; and without a word, the Abbess kneeled upon the shore, and about her clustered her little host. With bowed head Sir William watched the calming faces of the distant group, and his heart sprang into his throat as he saw the Lady Oara step beside the old man and, kneeling beside him, send her own cry heavenward. She had a double burden on her soul; and right sorely did she need both calm and

hope. As they prayed, the little vessel found the one safe channel twixt heaving, frothing breakers, and she came riding in to anchor with one sail torn away, and another whipping with the storm-remnant in her rigging. But she was safe, and the nuns began their "De Profundis" in deep gratitude to the God who hears all His children cry.

At last, the little party arose from their stiffened position and the Lady Abbess approached her niece and spoke for the first time that solemn night.

"Oara, dost know the ship with its clear blue pennon?"

"Too well, my aunt. It is my father's vessel; he hath sent for me."

"Right and wrong, my Oara. 'Tis my very own vessel, bought with mine own heritage, but left within thy father's keeping. Yet even so, my heart clings to the wooden hulk, as if it held a something of life for me. It is part of my father's dower, and he himself did sail beneath its snowy canvas. I love it for his sake."

"Tell me, aunt, who is this queer old man who came down to shore with you? He bath a moving voice, and his prayer this night did calm my storm-spent soul as if an angel had laid a tender palm across my trembling face."

"This man is a Quaker preacher, my child. Sir William's father sent him to lay before me a clear recital of their peculiar faith; but I may not even listen. My life has been dedicated to the Mother Church, and right or wrong, I shall now keep my vow. God is just, and in that great Beyond, He will make all things right."

"And if he does, you will be mated there, my aunt, to my Sir William's father."

"What blasphemy do you talk, my girl? There is no marrying in Paradise."

"Then, mayhap, there is in heaven, aunt."

And the girl flew away ahead of her aunt's slower steps, seeking the convent for

warmth and rest. The chill morning air penetrated every aching bone of the little company, but out at sea, the clouds were lifting, and in the east, the faint sky-dawn was blushing and dimpling as her sun-lover cast his tender rays between the scudding clouds of the spent storm. The waves still pounded on the rocky promontory, but the ship rode safely at anchor and her broken sails were touched to glory with the red and gold of the early morning.

It was once more evening in the convent walls, and in the barren reception room there was another storm raging, a storm of passion-tossed hearts, and even the calm old Quaker felt all his pulses glow as he listened to the fiery argument of the Lady Oara.

"What," cried the Lady, "go back to my father and spend my life in the dull seclusion of old Amsterdam. 'Twould kill me, or worse, drive me mad."

"Thou hast a father then," the Abbess said, her torn heart shrinking on her lips. "Thy father loves thee, Oara, thou art his only child! Do you think that God will bless a thankless child?"

"I am not ungrateful, aunt, I love my father, but he is so cold, so proud and cold."

The door opened and into the room walked the young Sir William Shreve. He stood motionless for a moment, although he half-expected what he saw.

"Oh dear, my lord," the lady cried, springing towards him and seizing his velvet-clad arm within her two hands, "my father sends for me this very night. The anchor weighs at midnight, and my aunt will tear me from your loving arms, to place me in a prison home where there is neither love nor peace. Oh dear, my lord, what shall I do?"

The long hooked-nose of the gentleman she addressed drew closer over his silken beard, and the nostrils quivered, but there was no other sign of agitation.

"Why shouldst thou fear to do thy father's

bidding, dear heart?" he said. "I shall follow thee close and ask thee from thy parent's hands. He hath no cause to give me no for answer," and the swift Saracen blood mounted into the noble cheek and burned above the red-brown beard.

"Thou knowest not my father. He despises the English and hates the Turk, and loves none but his own Dutch nobles. He hath sent my aunt a letter, in which he vows that I shall wed a friend of his who is a very great prince in Holland."

"Hast thou told the noble Lord Oara of my love for his daughter?" asked he cautiously of the Abbess.

"I felt it my duty, dear William, My brother hath a fierce and ungovernable rage about the intermarriages of two nations, and two religions. He is even more violent about these matters than was my father."

"And thou," flashed Oara at her aunt, "Thou, with thy saddened life and broken heart, could tell my father so, that my life might e'en be lost and ruined like thine own?" The young girl's voice pierced the very walls of the dull convent with its anguish. "Oh aunt, how could you so betray us? What have I ever done that thou shouldst break my heart?"

Her lover stood beside her, not offering to touch her, but his eyes burned into hers and his scarlet lips were ashen like her own.

"My friend," and his voice was soft with restrained emotion, as he turned to the Abbess. "Did you feel that I was unworthy of your niece?"

"No, oh no, my William; but I feared, I feared her father's anger."

"And shall thy fear be greater than thy love?" asked a quiet voice, and the old Quaker stepped into the center of the group. Their startled eyes sought the good man's face.

"Thy father's life, Sir William, hath been a constant sacrifice because this lady could not wed with him."

Sir William's eyes flashed into the anguished eyes of the little Abbess, and he read there for the first time the tragedy that had sobered and stifled all his father's after life. Without another word, he turned to the priest, after a low bow to the Abbess, he said, his fine nostrils quivering with inward passion,

"Thou wilt accompany me on this voyage, my father's friend? for I will go with the Lady Oara on this ship, and when we find her father, I will so bespeak his grace that he cannot say me nay."

"Rash youth, you know not my brother, nor his deadly purpose," cried the Abbess. "He would roast you on his own dungeon spit ere he wou'd let you speak again to his cherished daughter. Oh, do not torture me," and the little lady wrung her hands with piteous grief, and gazed at first one desperate face and then another. The fell purpose to cross her will and to gratify their own at any cost burned in the eyes of both the lovers.

"I will go with you, my children," said the Quaker minister, "for I am determined to take ship as soon as chance offers to the new and free land of America; and I may sail from Amsterdam as well as from England's cruel shores."

The face of the lover lit up with some secret purpose, but only the quivering nostril betrayed his increased emotion.

"What say you, my Lady Abbess," he cried, "thou hast often said that thou shouldst bequeath to me one of thy own ships. Why not permit me now to sail away with this my Lady love, to Holland's shores?"

The Lady's tempest-tossed soul was nearly to destroy her body, and she looked the unhappy appeal she could not voice with sufficient strength.

"And if I give thee permission to ride upon my ship, and to go with my Lady Cara, wilt promise me to quit the ship when it comes to Holland waters, and not

to brave my brother's anger," she asked at length.

"I promise," gravely answered the lover, and only the faintly quivering nostril, lifted with an unscrutable expression above his scarlet lips, could give a hint of all that flashed and shaped itself under the coal-black hair.

"Swear it," breathed the little Abbess, as if the thought of any decision, not altogether dishonorable, would give her soul the surcease she craved from this deadly hour of struggle. She was too weak to bear such strife.

But her niece was made of firmer stuff. Flinging her arms about the shoulders of her lover, she said proudly,

"Thou shalt not swear to leave me when I reach my father's angry shores, and so throw me into convent walls, as was my aunt."

The firm lips of her lover unclosed and his stern eyes melted into sudden moisture at this reproof of his sweetheart's constancy. He drew her gravely to him and then, raising one arm, he said solemnly with his eyes heavenward.

"I vow with all my heart, soul and strength, to love and cherish the Lady Oara, in life and in death, and through the countless ages of eternity. And also do I vow to leave her when we reach the shores which bind in rocky walls her native Amsterdam."

The voice was earnest and very stern, but the Lady Abbess stirred uneasily at some hidden meaning in its silent depths. Yet she was spent with passion and stress, and gladly she turned to the Quaker minister and told him he was welcome to sail upon the boat until it gained the ports of Holland, his company would insure her niece from the chance of rude comment of the sailors or of her maids.

And now the hasty preparations for the sudden voyage must be made speedily, and the quiet convent walls were disturbed

with swift flying steps and quick directions.

As the lovers hurried down the midnight path, the girl whispered, "Do you hear the sea? It calls my heart in such mighty entreaty that I can scarcely bear the pain of it. Thou art like the sea, my Lord; thy quick and mighty restlessness wakes every loving impulse in my heart of hearts. Thy soul is like the sea's own soul, so deep and fathomless."

"You shall live upon the sea, my beautiful, my own, my sea-goddess, and in its blue and flashing sun-kissed waters you will find your own sweet self well mirrored for thou art all its beauty and its glory bound up in love and life. For thou art like the sea in tropic waters, so calm and still, and yet beneath the quiet surface there is power, power and peace."

Her lover's impassioned words startled while they pleased her.

"Where do we sail, my William?"

"To free and glad new Amsterdam: to that land which my father hath so longed to see, and which the Quaker preacher will gladly find beside us two."

"And shall we not seek out my father?"

"Mayhap, some day when his anger is spent and our lives are crowned with children's benediction, he will forgive our children;" and as he spoke, she clung to him closer, content to leave herself and her life within the shelter of that strong heart.

The boat then took them in, the Quaker sitting in the stern, as the sailors bent to oar. On the seat sat the lovers, circumspect now when others watched their actions. And between them lay the box of silver and jewels, the Lady Oara's dower brought from both her own home and given to her by her sorrowing aunt as a parting gift to soothe in part the anguish of their parting.

The Abbess stood silently on the moonlit shore watching the boat speeding out to the ship, her nuns about her, and her arm around her favorite maid, watching the

hungry waves swallow up the two creatures of all on earth she loved the best. Her heart was full of anguish for the parting she knew must soon come between the lovers, and she regretted with keen sorrow that she had taken a part in separating two loving hearts. Oh, why could she and all others not let them live and love as God intended all His young and loving creatures to do?

"They will be a long time, my Lady," said the old gardener, who stood a little apart watching the fast-receding boat, "they will be a great long time in reaching America's strange shores."

The Abbess turned on him with the sudden amazement bred by his words:

"What stupid thing is this you say Michael?"

"I only say what both his serving men have said to me this whole long evening, as they packed their master's things."

"What said they?" asked the Abbess, with whitened lips, but with a sudden springing sympathetic song of hope in her heart.

"They said the young Sir William meant to sail the ship to America's New Amsterdam, and there to get off, he and his bride, who shall be given him this night in marriage by the strange Quaker minister, and then, the ship will be sent back to Holland with the best compliments of the

young Sir William, and in her hold she carry plenty of gold to pay for all the time she loses on her trip. Sir William is main generous."

The Abbess was speechless with a thousand thoughts; she watched the clouds lift and under the white spell of the moon, the path between her and the ship was pearlized and softened in a thousand glowing fragments. The mended sails of the vessel caught the springing wind of the incoming tide and, as the tiny boat crept alongside, the Abbess fancied she could see the lover lift his sweetheart in his arms and carry her up into the brown sides of the good old ship. She scarcely breathed as her heart pictured their happiness, and she bowed her head in reverence as she listened in spirit to the vows which were spoken as soon as the ship had weighed anchor and was putting out to sea. At last, her life-dream could be made real, if not for herself, for the two she loved best. And so she watched the hungry sea swallow up her own ship, with her lovers, her very own aboard, and she crossed her hands over her heaving breast as the distance hid even the reflection of her ship on the moon-pearled water.

"America! America! and still, America!" she cried in her soul, "Oh, give them all I would have withheld." *Susa Young Gates.*

STRASSBURG

ITS MONUMENTS AND WONDERFUL CLOCK.



THE street through which we now proceed, leads to the Gutenbergplatz. There with the noise of the market all around, stands surrounded by green trees, a monument. The bronze figure of a man with lofty brow and flowing beard, holds in his hands a sheet covered with ornamental letters. It is the symbol of the art of printing, the greatest

gift of man to the human race; it is the testimony of light over darkness, he holds in his hands. It was in Strassburg, that Gutenberg invented the art of printing. For nearly twenty years, he was a citizen of Strassburg and it was in his own room, that this great discovery had birth.

There, in the Gutenbergplatz, he stands, a memorial of the intellectual power, possessed in the middle ages, by the great free cities.

The former period of Strassburg history

savors much of the burghers character, but during its French reign the military element gained ascendancy, and the policy that prevailed at Versailles became apparent.



STATUE OF GUTENBERG.

After this came the rule of the first Napoleon. All these periods are more or less discernible in the outward appearance of Strassburg. Even the names being memories of other days. Here we have the Broglieplatz, and the Paradeplatz, where General Kleber's monument stands.

The Broglieplatz (or Broehl, as it is called by the townspeople) is the handsomest, and most frequented of all the squares.

The mayor's fine residence stands here, the great cafes under the trees are in French style, while in the old, confined streets where the poor dwell, the odd free corners of the old town have been preserved, with all their peculiarities.

The old and the new, the past and the present, are ever before us in Strassburg, as we wander through its streets or visit its points of interest. Very noticeable in Strassburg, are the monks of various orders, in all sorts of attire, and numerous among them the Jesuits, who were banished from Germany by edict of Prince Bismarck, but now they may all return. Von Buelow, whose wife is a Catholic, has repealed the law. "The black peril" they are called, and but recently a placard on the statue of Bismarck in Leipzig read, "Bismarck wake up, we need you." It is only another sign of the times, this black cloud in Strassburg. As they are all clothed in black robes, with little, low black hats, and so many are to be met with in a single square, they seem like a black cloud, that has come from France. But the people jostle each other on the streets, taking no notice, they do not realize what their presence in such numbers means.

Southwest of the Cathedral is the palace grounds and the Frauenhaus, or (House of Our Lady). It was erected in 1581 and belongs to the Cathedral. It contains the ancient architectural drawings, on parchment of the Cathedral, several parts of the old clock, and a fine winding stair.

It is only at 12 m. of each day, that one may see the wonderful exhibition of the astronomical clock, so we reach there just after 11 a. m. to secure a place to see it.

This clock, the principal object of interest in the cathedral, is situated in the south transept. It was constructed 1838-42, by Schwilgue, a clock maker of Strassburg. This clock replaces an ancient clock, constructed in 1448, and repaired and partially reconstructed in 1571. Portions of the works of the old clock, were used in the present one. The clock is about 50 ft. in height, and about 30 ft. in width. At noon of each day all the figures are put in motion.

The clock indicates the hours, half and

quarter hours, when the bells are struck by automaton figures. A youth strikes the quarter, a man the half hour, and an old man, as the figure of Time, the full hour. This clock tells also the times and



THE OLD HOUSE.

seasons of ecclesiastical events, as far as they are associated with astronomical phenomena, the phases of the moon, and the equation of time.

At noon a cock mounted on a pillar flaps its wings then Time strikes the bell held by Death, when the twelve apostles pass before the Savior, who blesses each one as he passes, then the cock crows three times.

Two or three hundred people had gathered, among them tourists, who read from the guide book, thus denoting them strangers. Many were English, and American, and it was a welcome sound to hear our own tongue once more.

In the glare of noon, (there was, how-

ever, not much glare in the Cathedral) we admired its great dimensions. Total length of the Cathedral 360 ft., 140 ft. in width, and 100 ft. in height. The roof is supported by seven great arches, with graceful clusters of pillars. The nave is lighted by windows of beautiful stained glass, from the 14th and 15th centuries. Now we see the clock with its celestial circle of orrery, that shows the motions of the heavenly bodies.

A legend tells us that after the completion of the original clock, it came to the ears of the Town Council of Strassburg, that the citizens of Basel, were in treaty with the clock maker to construct one for that city. They summoned the clock maker before them, and tried by all means in their power to make him promise he would never construct another clock to rival that of Strassburg. The clock maker declined, and they exasperated by his refusal, ordered his eyes to be put out.

On hearing this dreadful sentence, the poor clock maker asked that before his sight was taken from him, he might be allowed to make a few repairs on the clock, which were much needed. This request was granted, and he spent some little time in filing out and adjusting some of the works. As soon as this was done, the sentence was carried into execution. No sooner was this wicked thing accomplished, than a loud noise was heard in the clock. The weights fell to the ground, the bells struck discordantly thirteen strokes, then all was silent—in revenge the clock maker, had destroyed his work.

On a corner near the cathedral, is the oldest house in Strassburg, a strange, quaint one it is. It is said the storks make their nests in the chimney tops in Strassburg but though we looked diligently, we failed to see them, and were disappointed in consequence.

Strassburg the quaint the ancient, will always be of interest, its scenes never be forgotten.

Lydia D. Alder.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, -- SEPTEMBER 15, 1907

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THE KINGDOM OF GOD.



CORRESPONDENT has submitted to us the following question: "What is the Kingdom of God? Is it fully established upon the earth?"

A sufficient answer to this question is given in the address of the First Presidency, published in the Christmas *News* of 1903. There it is shown that when Christ was to come upon the earth his forerunner declared that the "Kingdom of heaven" was at hand. Immediately enemies of the Baptizer raised the cry of treason against imperial Rome. Yet, there was no treason in the life-work of the Savior. It made better citizens of those that believed in Him; and He taught them to render to Caesar the things that were Caesar's, and to God the things that were God's.

In like manner, the restoration of the

Gospel in these days, has brought again the message, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." And again, there have been many to raise the cry of "treason!" Yet, the "Church and Kingdom of God," as at present existing upon the earth is solely an ecclesiastical organization. It is separate and distinct from the state. It offers no interference to the enactments of the state. Its courts are entirely ecclesiastical; it adjudicates only in matters ecclesiastical, and it can inflict no other penalty than that of disfellowship or excommunication.

However, the Scriptures do predict a time when divine rule shall be supreme upon the earth—when earthly government shall be the government of God. At that time Christ will reign personally as King, and *then* the Kingdom of God will be established in very deed. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is but preparatory to that great day. "It is, therefore, the spiritual 'kingdom of heaven,' bearing within it the influence and power that are to open the way for the fulfilment of the prophecies concerning the universal dominion of the Son of God."

"Sermons, dissertations, and arguments by preachers and writers in the Church concerning the Kingdom of God that is to be, are not to be understood as relating to the present. If they are so presented as to convey the idea that the dominion to come is to be exercised now, the claim is incorrect, no matter by whom set forth, because it is in direct conflict with Divine revelation to the Church. Such opinions do not weigh at all when placed in the scales against the word and command of Almighty God."

By way of summary, then, we may say

that the Kingdom of God is the organized government, for the control of temporal as well as spiritual things, of which God is king. But that kingdom is not yet *fully* established upon the earth. The Church of Christ is a forerunner, a preparatory government, a spiritual "kingdom of heaven," ruling in things spiritual only. When Christ shall come to rule and reign, then will be established His kingdom in its fulness.

THE FIRST TWELVE APOSTLES.

WE have received a letter from a correspondent asking who were the first apostles in the Church, those named in the Life of Joseph Smith, by President George Q. Cannon, or those named in the Doctrine and Covenants. No reference is given to the Doctrine and Covenants, but the correspondent means, we suppose, the apostles named in the one hundred and twenty-fourth section. They are:

Brigham Young,	John Taylor,
Heber C. Kimball,	John E. Page,
Parley P. Pratt,	Wilford Woodruff,
Orson Pratt,	Willard Richards,
Orson Hyde,	George A. Smith.
William Smith,	

David Patten, we are told, the Lord had taken to himself, but the vacancy had not yet been filled at the time of the revelation contained in this section.

The apostles named by President Cannon, however, are as follows:

Thomas B. Marsh,	Parley P. Pratt,
David W. Patten,	Luke Johnson,
Brigham Young,	William Smith,
Heber C. Kimball,	Orson Pratt,
Orson Hyde,	John F. Boynton,
Wm E. McLellin,	Lyman E. Johnson.

Now the revelation foreshadowing the calling of twelve apostles was given in June, 1829, and is section 18 of the Doctrine and Covenants. It was not until six years later, however, that the apostles were

actually called. It will be remembered that during 1834, Zion's Camp marched from Kirtland to Missouri. Many of the Elders of Zion proved then their worthiness to serve the Lord in high positions. Accordingly, on February 14, 1835, the Prophet Joseph directed Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris, the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon, to select twelve men to constitute the quorum of Twelve Apostles. The first quorum was chosen in the following order:

Lyman E. Johnson,	Wm E. McLellin,
Brigham Young,	John F. Boynton,
Heber C. Kimball,	Orson Pratt,
Orson Hyde,	William Smith,
David W. Patten,	Thomas B. Marsh,
Luke Johnson,	Parley P. Pratt.

These men were ordained to the apostleship by the Prophet Joseph Smith and the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon. Nearly three months later, at a grand council held May 2, 1835, the twelve apostles were re-arranged according to seniority. Thereafter they stood in the following order, and in this order constituted the *first* quorum of the Twelve Apostles in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints:

1. Thomas B. Marsh, 7. Parley P. Pratt,
2. David W. Patten, 8. Luke Johnson,
3. Brigham Young, 9. William Smith,
4. H. C. Kimball, 10. Orson Pratt,
5. Orson Hyde, 11. John F. Boynton,
6. Wm. E. McLellin, 12. L. E. Johnson.

This list is the same as that given by President George Q. Cannon.

During the years 1837 and 1838 four of the original Twelve apostatized, namely, John F. Boynton, Lyman E. Johnson, Luke Johnson, and William E. McLellin. On July 8, 1838, John Taylor, John E. Page, Wilford Woodruff and Willard Richards were called to fill the vacancies thus caused.

On October 25, 1838, David W. Patten was killed in the Crooked River battle; and on March 17, 1839, Thomas B. Marsh

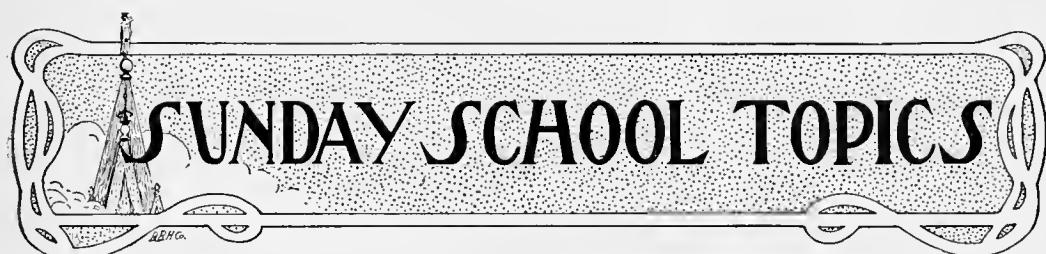
was excommunicated for apostasy. To one of these vacancies, George A. Smith was ordained an apostle on April 26, 1839. The other vacancy was not filled until April 8, 1841.

On January 19, 1841, then, the quorum of Twelve Apostles was organized as follows:

1. Brigham Young,	4. Parley P. Pratt,
2. H. C. Kimball,	5. William Smith,
3. Orson Hyde,	6. Orson Pratt,

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 7. John Taylor, | 10. Willard Richards |
| 8. John E. Page, | 11. George A. Smith. |
| 9. Wilford Woodruff, | |

These names are the same as those in the Doctrine and Covenants, though the order is slightly different. Of course, the Apostles in this last list served during the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith, but they did not constitute the quorum as at first organized.



THE SEVENTIES AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,
Sept. 5th, 1907.

Elder

Supt. of Stake.

DEAR BROTHER:—

In a letter recently sent to you, it was suggested that you make an appointment with the Stake Presidency for a meeting "to consider what seventies now engaged in Sunday School work should be retained in order to maintain the present high standard of the Sunday Schools." If you have not already arranged such a meeting, will you please do so at your earliest opportunity? Superintendents or heads of departments whose places "can not be immediately filled by the selection of others" are to be retained in their respective positions. Those whom the Stake presidency will recommend to be ordained High Priests should receive this ordination; those who prefer to remain seventies should be excused from attending the quorum classes, "a thing which can be done without in any way interfering with the spirit and progress of this (the Seventies') work, as the brethren occupying these positions are supposed to be capable men along theological lines." The seventies as missionaries in the Sunday School work can represent their quorum in honor, and therefore need not feel that their absence from their class meetings will

reflect discredit upon them, any more than would an absence due to any other mission.

Before taking final action please confer with the General Board. Elder, whose P. O. address is and who represents the General Board has been appointed to render all the assistance he can in the adjusting of conditions on your board. Kindly notify him at once of what your real conditions and needs are, so far as the Seventies' work in the Sunday School is concerned. Send him a list of your stake workers designating those who are Seventies and who you and the Stake Presidency think should be retained in the Sunday School work.

In adjusting the conditions in the ward, please consult with the Bishopric, the local Superintendency and, if possible the Stake Presidency.

The following plan of procedure is suggested:—

I. ON STAKE BOARDS.

1. The Stake Superintendency should ascertain the feelings of the Seventies on the Board regarding Sunday School work. Some will desire to continue their work on the Board, while others will prefer to take up the Seventies' class work.

2. Arrange a meeting with the Stake Presidency. At this meeting decide on the members who are to be retained as members of the Board, in order to maintain its standard and efficiency.

If you will notify the representative of the General Board, named in this letter, he will

either be present at this meeting or send you helpful suggestions.

3. The Presidency of the Stake will designate who of those Seventies retained on the Board should be ordained High Priests. This will be done of course, in the regular order of the Church.

4. Where the Seventies retained on the Sunday School Board prefer to remain Seventies, and still continue their Sunday School work, the presidency of the Stake will so report to the respective Presidents of Seventy. Being chosen by the Stake presidency and having the approval of their Quorum presidents, the Seventies retained in Sunday School work must certainly feel a desire to represent their quorums in honor.

5. The presidency of the Stake will then forward the names of the Seventies (not those to be ordained High Priests) to the First Presidency of the Church, who will have them honorably excused from their quorum class meetings just as though they had received a call for a foreign mission.

Such Seventies will work in their respective positions just as long as it is thought by the proper authority that they can do more good in the Sunday School than anywhere else.

II. IN LOCAL SCHOOLS.

1. The Local Superintendency will probably know who of their workers desire to continue in Sunday School work. This should be known in a general way at least.

2. The Superintendency of the school should hold a meeting with the Bishopric of the ward and determine on how many Seventies' places can be filled without lowering the standard of efficiency in the school. At this meeting a representative of the Stake Superintendency should be present and if possible a member of the Stake Presidency.

3. If the member of the Stake Presidency be not present, the Stake Board member with the approval of the Bishopric should take the list of Seventies retained in the Sunday School to the Stake Presidency.

4. The method of procedure will then be the same as that in Stake Boards with this exception: the Bishopric can probably in many cases

more conveniently consult the presidents of Seventy in the local quorums. The presidency recommend as above who should be ordained as High Priests.

We suggest in conclusion that in the adjustment to the new order of things, discretion be used and that all changes be made with a view to bettering the Sunday Schools as well as the Seventies' quorums.

Your brethren in the Gospel,
JOSEPH F. SMITH,
GEORGE REYNOLDS,
DAVID O. MCKAY,
General Superintendency.

The following members of the General Board have been specially appointed to assist the stakes placed after their names, in the retaining and releasing of seventies in the Sunday Schools:

ASSIGNMENT OF STAKES.

Joseph W. Summerhays, Kanab, Box Elder, Emery.

Levi W. Richards, Alpine, Morgan, Nebo.

Hugh J. Cannon, Liberty, Davis, Cassia.

James W. Ure, Bannock, Juarez, Star Valley.

John T. Bennett, Bear Lake, Maricopa, Wayne.

Seymour B. Young, Beaver, Blackfoot, Fremont.

Geo. D. Pyper, Bighorn, Ensign, Parowan.

Henry Peterson, Bingham, North Sanpete, South Sanpete.

George M. Cannon, Granite, Alberta, Millard, Juab.

Josiah Burrows, Oneida, Sevier, Jordan.

Horace S. Ensign, Summit, St. Joseph, Wasatch.

David O. McKay, Union, Teton, San Luis, San Juan, St. George, Pioneer.

Stephen L. Richards, Malad, Salt Lake, Snow Flake, Tooele.

Harold G. Reynolds, St. Johns, Taylor, Uintah.

Thos. B. Evans, Weber, Benson, Panguitch, Woodruff.

Henry H. Rolapp, Cache, Hyrum, Utah, Pocatello.



JEWELS.

Words by Mrs Hallie Grigg.

Music by Will Edelmann.

E

1. Long years a - go a stor - y was told Of a gracieus royal queen, Whose
 2. "Oh take my treasures," cried the queen, "Give me those lit - tle boys: My
 3. And so 'tis with our own lit - tle ones, We too feel just the same, For

E

cost - ly gems of beau - ty rare, Were the choic - est ev - er seen.
 pal - ace is so lone - ly now, I long for a mother's joys,"
 who would give such love and trust, For earth - ly wealth or fame. The

E

One of her subjects with two little boys to the pal - ace went one day; And no." says the mother, "O can you not see, That these hearts so warm and true,
 pride of the na - tion to - day should be Its wealth of children bright, And

CHORUS.

E

to the queen in ac - cents low, The moth - er was heard to say:
 Bet - ter than jewels may prove to be, would not exchange with you. "My
 wel - come babes as in old - en times, A moth - er's chief de - light.

E

beau - ti - ful jewels I Bring to you, That they may with yours com- pare,

E

A musical score for a single melodic line. The music is in common time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are placed below the notes, with a brace grouping the first two lines of text.

One of my jew - els has soft brown curls, The oth - er has golden hair.

THE HEART WORTHY REWARD.

'Tis an easy thing to be pleasant,
To smile in a pleasing way,
When conditions around are hopeful,
And life seems like the May.
But he whose heart is buoyant,
When hope's fair robe is marred,
Has truly the heart, not true in part,
But one worthy reward.

It wouldn't be much to have virtue,
If evils were far away,
If the monster of vice was banished,
And sought no more for prey.
But he who endures the fire,
Who passes the flames unscarred
Has truly the heart, not true in part,
But one worthy reward.

The battle of rightful endeavor
Is not fought by all today;
For many as empty as bubbles
Still cumber life's highway.
But the consolation follows,
Though long the fight and hard,
That joy rules the heart, not true in part,
But one worthy reward.

S. E. Mitton.



IN THE CANYON.

A FOREST of pines on the mountain-side,
Small drifts of snow and a timber-slide;
Some distance beyond was a deep ravine
With a great white billow shining between;
Two hazy peaks, and some miniature trees
Were lifting their heads to look o'er the leas.
Way out and adown to the world below,
Where proud hemlocks and pines may never
grow;
About half way down, where some wild flowers grew,
A cold, limpid spring came bubbling
through,
Making two brooklets, each rushing pell-mell

'Neath bushes, o'er rocks, to a grassy dell—
A cool shady nook—a fairy retreat—
Where the parted lovers contrived to meet;
In ecstatic bliss they eddied around,
Then, together, make one glorious bound
Adown, far down to the beautiful vale,
Dallying a while—a shimmering trail—
Ere they should join with the turbulent
stream,
To vanish for aye like a poet's dream.

Looking over the river, the scene was new,
Hills rolling, less lofty, of changeful hue,
With here and there a young quaken-asp
grove,
Fluttering and trembling, as if each tree
strove
To attract the attention of passers-by,
From the lordly pines; e'en cottonwoods vie
With the king of the forest, straight and
high.

Spanning the canyon from summit to crest
The vaulted roof of the loftiest rest,
Flecked with silvery-white on a ground of
blue—

While a filmy veil lets the glory through,
Till the day-god calls for his sombre gown,
And nature changes her smile for a frown.

Deepens the shadows, while athwart the sky
The dull, tearful clouds go skurrying by;
Pines swing their branches, the cottonwoods
sway;

The swish of the waters, and dashing spray,
Madden the willows that grow on the shore,
Till they threaten to hide the stream no
more.

Hark! from the north comes an ominous
sound;
South, east and west, all the mountains
around
Are ablaze with forked, luminous flame;
Crack! cracks the thunder and down pours
the rain,
In torrents, in sheets; the lightning's wild
flash

Heralds again a tumultuous crash—
Crashing and flashing, till earth seems to
reel—
Rolling and rumbling, fierce peal after peal.
Oh, where are the pines, so stalwart and
proud?
Entombed, all entombed 'neath a watery
shroud;
But lo! in the west a stray gleam we see,
And the night is unlocked with a golden key.

Her gates of pearl she calmly swings ajar,
The queen approaches in her splendid car:
In purpling shades her majesty to greet,
The mountains glad, make footstools for
her feet;
The stars are flowers strewed along her way,
The canyon sings for her an evening lay;
Attend all—the forest stream and glade,
In one glad, holy, glorious serenade.

Ruth M. Fox.

*
THE NAME.

IT shifts and shifts from form to form,
It drifts and darkles, glooms and glows,
It is the passion of the storm,
The poignance of the rose;
Through changing shapes, through devious
ways,
Through flame and cloud, through cloud and
flame,
My heart has followed all my days
This thing I cannot name.
In sunlight on some woman's hair,
Or starlight in some woman's eyne—
Or in low laughter smothered where
Her red lips wedded mine—
My heart has known and thrilled to know,
This unnamed presence that it sought;
And when my heart has found it so,
Love is the name, I thought.

Sometimes when sudden afterglows
In futile glory storm the skies,
Within their transient gold and rose
The secret stirs and dies;
And when the trampling Morn walks o'er
The troubled seas with feet of flame,
My awed heart whispers, Ask no more,
For Beauty is the name!

Or dreaming in old chapels where
The dim aisles pulse with murmurings
That part are music, part are prayer—
Or rush of hidden wings;
I often turn a startled head

Toward some saint's pictured countenance,
Half fancying that the lips have said:
All names mean God, perchance.

Don Marquis.

COMMUNION.

OFT, when upon my bed I lie,
In sweet communion with my soul,
And rest my weary brain from care,
It says, "Life's but a narrow shoal,
Compared to all eternity."

It says, "Oh, could you wish for wealth?
It will but perish and decay;
Or could you wish for fame alone,
And see your fellows lowly stay?"
My spirit answers, "Nay."

"Oh, could you then stand in the throng,
And see God's children downward go,
And say it is God's own decree
That they shoud dwell in sin and woe?"
My spirit answers "No."

"Or, could you make a sacrifice,
As He who bled upon the cross,
If it could be within your power
To save their souls from being lost?"
My spirit answers "Yes."

"Oh, then, arise! Think not of ease;
For rest, earth is not the place.
There's much to do and little time
To bring salvation to the race.
Go, teach the youth in mighty power
Truth, faith, and bounteous charity;
To greed not after glittering gold.
And bring about equality."

Alice Keaton.

WHO KNOWS?

THE merry dancing-girls with terror quail,
Song sinks to silence and Desire doth fail,
When pounds the roaring Tempest at thy door
And awful Death rides by upon the gale.

Rise now, O Soul—'tis for thee to go.
The morning lark is calling thee, and lo!
E'en as it calls, it soars athwart the storm,
And helpless hangs against the blackening woe.
So Man unto his House Eternal goes.
The portals once for entrance ope—then close,
Along the sudden street the mourners trudge—
But what is done behind those doors—who
knows?

Selected.



OUR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS

Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah

GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE.

"God bless us every one!" prayed Tiny Tim,
Crippled and dwarfed of body, yet so tall
Of soul we tiptoe earth to look on him,
High towering over all.

He loved the loveless world, nor dreamed, indeed,
That it at best could give to him the while
But pitying glances, when his only need
Was but a cheery smile.

And thus he prayed, "God bless us every one,"
Infolding all the creeds within the span
Of his child heart, and so, despising none,
Was nearer saint than man.

James Whitcomb Riley.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S KINDNESS.

THREE tiny kittens were crawling about
the tent at the time. The mother had

died, and the little wanderers were expressing their grief by mewing piteously. Mr. Lincoln picked them up, took them on his lap, stroked their soft fur and murmured: "Poor little creatures, you'll be taken good care of," and turning to Bowers, said: "Colonel, I hope you will see that these little motherless waifs are given plenty of milk and treated kindly." Bowers replied: "I will see, Mr. President, that they are taken in charge by the cook of our mess, and are well cared for." Several times during his stay Mr. Lincoln was found fondling these kittens. He would wipe their eyes tenderly with his handkerchief, stroke their smooth coats, and listen to them purring their gratitude to him. It was a curious sight at an army headquart-



FOUR LITTLE SCAMPS.

ers, upon the eve of a great military crisis in the nation's history, to see the hand which had affixed the signature to the Emancipation Proclamation, and had signed the commissions of all the heroic men who served the cause of the Union, from the general-in-chief to the lowest lieutenant, tenderly caressing three stray kittens. It well illustrated the kindness of the man's disposition, and showed the child-like simplicity which was mingled with the grandeur of his nature.

■

A BOY THAT LAUGHS.

You hear that boy laughing, you think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop at his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all.

O. W. Holmes.

■

MARCO KNEW.

A YOUNG girl was passing the Public Garden the other morning upon the main path which crossed the bridge. She was accompanied by a magnificent mastiff, who strode along beside her in the most companionable sort of way, looking up into her face occasionally as if to remark casually that it was a very fine morning, or to ask if there was anything he could do for her.

The two crossed the bridge together, and finally came to Charles Street gate. Here the young girl, evidently not wishing to have the care of the dog in the busy streets, turned to him and said:

"There, that is far enough now, Marco. You need not go with me any further, but turn about and go back home."

She did not take her hands out of her muff to point the way, and she spoke as she would to a small brother, in a pleasant conversational voice.

Marco looked at her with his large eyes, then looked across the Common, wagging

his tail slowly as though he were thinking how very pleasant it would be to go the rest of the way. Finally he turned back to her again, and with a movement of his head and eyes, asked as plainly as though the words had come from his mouth, "Please let me go a little farther, it is such a fine morning."

"No, dear, I am going shopping, you know," answered the girl, explaining the difficulty, as if Marco were human; "there'll be crowds of people, and I shall not know what to do with you. But go along, now, there's a good fellow, and I'll be back soon."

Without another word Marco turned and walked back across the Garden. He did not slink away as some dogs do when sent back, but marched leisurely along with his head in the air, stopped a moment on the bridge to watch the children skating below, then trotted on toward Commonwealth Avenue. The Athenian watched him until he disappeared beyond the gates, then resumed his own way, wondering whether Darwin loved dogs or not.

Boston Record.

■

SPEAK TO ME.

SPEAK to me ever, Lord,
In accents low and sweet;
Let earth's turmoil be still,
That every tender word
Of Thine my spirit's inmost depths
May sweetly thrill.

Emma Campbell.

■

THE LETTER-BOX.

Letter and Charade.

ALTA, UNTA CO., WYO.

This is the first time I have written to the Letter-Box. I am thirteen years old. I go to Sunday School. Our stake superintendent said we had one of the best Sunday Schools in the stake. I have been guessing the charades, and I will send one composed of thirteen letters.

6, 11, 9, 8, 12, 13, 11, a girl's name.
 3, 8, 5, 6, 1, a kind of tree.
 10, 4, 11, 7, a part of a bird.
 10, 4, 2, an insect.
 The whole is the name of a great Utah pioneer.

CAMILIA DALLEY.

Fruit, Gardens and Fishing. A Good Place and a Nice Time.

EAGAR, ARIZONA.

I have been reading the little letters in the JUVENILE, and so I thought I would write. I am staying in St. Johns with my Aunt Iris Platt. I am twelve years old. I like St. Johns, and I think it is a nice place for fruit. I like to go to Sunday-School and Primary, and take part in the lessons. We have nice gardens and trees here. I went to the Little Colorado river and fished, stayed all day, caught some fish and had a good time.

LOIS HAMBLIN.

A Letter From Texas.

CREWS, TEXAS.

As I see so many nice letters in the JUVENILE, from almost everywhere but here, I will write to let the world know that there is one Latter-day Saint here in Runnels county. One who feels that God in mercy sent the truth to me by His servants, Elders Bringhurst and Tidwell. I have seen only five of the Elders, Brother Hand and Elders Clark and Cox. My two sons and myself were baptized last August. It is hard for the boys, as there are so many to taunt and tease them. They are anxious to move to Kelsey. We saw a letter in the JUVENILE from two little boys there. I want to ask of them and their mother a favor—will they correspond with us as we want to know something of that place? I lost their given name, but their other name was Sanders. We shall be very thankful if they see this and write to me. This coun-

ty has been suffering from a drouth, but it has rained here and we have a fine crop. We are made to feel very thankful for the many blessing we do receive. I take the *Liahona*, the Elders' *Journal*, and oh how happy I am when I read of so many of my own state's people accepting the Gospel! I don't feel so lonely. My mother is 64 years old and was very much prejudiced against the Mormons at first, but she says now that she knows they are right, and she can't hardly wait for the papers to come she is so anxious to read them. She stopped reading the other day and said to me, "I never read anything so good!" and she just looked like she was so happy. I am a widow with five children, one girl and four boys. My father and mother live with me. We raise a great deal of cotton here. I have 60 acres in cotton and 9 in corn and 15 or 20 in milem maize and other feed stuff. Well, I will close. May God's blessings rest on the JUVENILE, wherever it goes.

JULIA A. FRANCIS

P. S.—I must tell of my little cute niece. She was looking at her mother make a custard and she took a spoon of vanilla and put in. The little girl said, "I guess it feels better now, don't you, mama?" thinking it was medicine.

J. A. F.

A Good Testimony.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

I am a little Mormon girl. I was nine years old last New Year. I go to Sunday School, Primary and Religion Class. We take the JUVENILE and I like to read the little letters. I thought I would write and tell how the Lord answered my prayer. Our papa is dead. One night, a year ago, our mama was sick, and I was afraid that the Lord would not answer our prayer. I felt very sad and cried, and told mama how I felt. Mama said that I must have more faith in the Lord and believe in Him. So I knelt down and said, "Heavenly

Father, bless my mama that she may live a long time." Just as I said that, a voice spoke in my ear and said, "Your mama will live a long time." This made me very happy for I know now that the Lord answers prayer, and I am not afraid any more. My little brother and I always ask the Lord to let our mama live a long time.

RUTH BATES.

*
Two Letters.

FIELDING, UTAH.

As I do not see any letters from Fielding, I will write one. I have been on a nice trip up to Parker, Idaho, this summer. I had a good visit with my aunt and cousins. My brothers and sisters and myself go to Sunday School and Primary. Our mama was sick in the L. D. S. Hospital about two months. We are thankful to have her better and at home with us again. I am 12 years old.

ALTA RICHARDS.

FIELDING, UTAH.

I like the letters and stories in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I am 12 years old. My teachers in Sunday School are Miss Blanche Laub and Mr. Eugene Hansen. They are good teachers and are very much liked. Once mama was sick for three months, but through the administration of the Elders, she was blessed and she is well now.

JENEVA LAUB.

*
A Trip to the Lake.

We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and enjoy reading the letters and stories very much. We live on a large ranch near Montpelier. The Bear Lake is beautiful this time of the year. A great many people camp on the lake shores during the summer. We have just returned from there, and we had a delightful time boating, bathing and listening to the theater

band which was on an excursion there during our stay at the lake.

LEON ROBISON, age 9 years.



Letter, Answer and Charade.

TOOELE, UTAH.

I thought I would write to the Letter-Box. I like to read everything in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I have guessed Myrtle Swainston's charade in the September 1st number. I think it is "Peace on earth, good will to man." I will send a charade composed of 14 letters:

- 2, 5, 4, 13, 11, a boy's name.
- 8, 1, 7, what we all do.
- 4, 5, 1, 6, what most people like to do.
- 5, 11, 8, part of the face.
- 8, 1, 4, a part of the head.
- 7, 13, 8, part of the body.
- 4, 13, 12, 5, a girl's name.
- 7, 13, 9, 11, a boy's name.

The whole is the name of a great poet.

MILDRED PARK.



SUCH A LITTLE WAY TO GO.

THERE are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace: if they mistake,
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor hope until it bleed,
We must be mute,
Nor turn too quickly to impute
Grave fault: for we and they
Have such a little while along the way—
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find!
We see them, for not blind
Is love. We see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and by,
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less—
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things—yes, hours,
We see so differently in sun and showers;
Mistaken words tonight,
May be so cherished by tomorrow's light,
We must be patient; for we know
There's such a little way to go.—*Grace Willis.*

LAUGH, AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU.

Memory.

SOMEBODY with a psychological turn of mind once asked Lord Roseberry, "What is memory?" "Memory," Roseberry replied, promptly but somewhat pensively—"memory is the feeling that steals over us when we listen to our friends' original stories."

Western Christian Advocate.



The Retort ~~Cour~~ eous.

In a crowded trolley-car,
Lolloed a pompous gent.
Standing up in front of him
Maid most innocent.
Growled out the gent,
"You are on my feet."
Cooed the maid in accents sweet,
"Stand on them yourself,
And we both will ride more comfortably."



The Perfumed Lady.

The lady used perfume to such an extent,
She once caused a man to exclaim,
"That person who by us so proudly just went
Must be a Colognial Dame!"

Woman's Home Companion.



Another Chance

ONE day the office boy went to the editor of the *Soaring Eagle* and said:
"There is a tramp at the door and he says he has had nothing to eat for six days."

"Fetch him in," said the editor. "If we can find out how he does it, we can run the paper for another week."



Officer Murphy Arrests Two Dead-Beats

He Began to Get Wise.

THIS tale relates how a bishop, accosted in Fifth Avenue by a neat but hungry stranger, derived profit from the encounter.

The bishop, so runs the yarn, took the needy one to a hotel and shared a gorgeous dinner with him; yet, having left his episcopal wallet in the pocket of a different episcopal jacket, suddenly faced the embarrassment of not possessing the wherewithal to pay up. "Never mind," exclaimed the guest. "I have enjoyed dining with you, and I shall be charmed to shoulder the cost. Permit me." Whereupon the stranger paid for two. This worried the prelate, who insisted, "Just let me call a cab, and we'll run up to my hotel, where I shall have the pleasure of reimbursing you." But the stranger met the suggestion with, "See here, old man! You've stuck me for a jolly good dinner, but hanged if I'm going to let you stick me for cabfare!"

Boston Transcript.



The Law of Compensation.

BRIDGET had been going out a great deal, and her husband Mike was displeased.

"Bridget, where do ye spend yer toime nights? Ye're out iv'ry avenin' for two weeks," he said.

"Shut up, Mike! I'm gettin' an edication," she answered.

"An' phwat are ye learnin'?" said her indignant husband.

"Why, tonight we learned about the law of compensation."

"Compensation," said Michael. "What's that?"

"Why, I can't explain; but for instance, if the sense of smell is poor, the sense of thaste is all sharper, and if yez are blind, ye can hear all the better."

"Ah, yes," said Mike, thoughtfully. "I see it's loike this. Fur instance, if a man was born wid wan leg shorter than the other, the other is longer."

Sunday Magazine.

Right off his Fingers.

"WHAT are off hand remarks?"

"Those made by a deaf-mute."

Woman's Home Companion.



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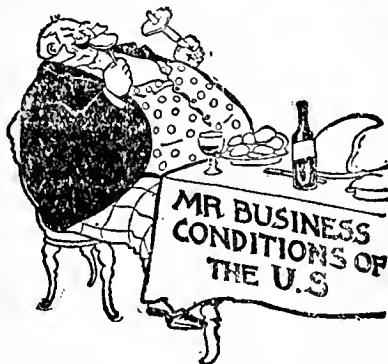
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